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25 Cents

Labor Age

The National Monthly

The Quackery of Bernarr Macfadden

Prisoners of Quequechan

By Urban Sullivan

Confessions of a Labor Spy

Can You Borrow From Your Union?

Iron Men Vs. Iron League

Our Floyd Collinses

Labor Age

The National Monthly

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WE EXPAND

GROWTH is necessary for all living things. If we do not grow, we die.

This effort in labor journalism is very much alive and kicking. To carry out our compact with our readers, and to make our field of activity as wide as possible, we move our publication office to the fair city of Harrisburg, Pa. There, in the headquarters of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, we begin a bigger effort than in the past to make *LABOR AGE* the product that it should be.

Our editorial office will remain in New York, in the office of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, that pioneer union in workers' education and so many other constructive efforts.

In this country today there is no general labor magazine other than this co-operatively-owned union journal. There is no other publication carrying on the distinct, non-dogmatic service of workers' education and information that is being done in our pages. Up to over three years ago, when this publication appeared, there was no clearing house of information for American Labor.

By maintaining our editorial office in New York City we keep in touch with the national movement on foot throughout the country. The battles for industrial democracy, civil liberty, wider workers control of industry, have their clearing houses of information in the metropolis.

By placing our publication office in Harrisburg, we are not only able to give you better service be-

cause of better facilities, but we are also closer to the Labor Movement of the Middle West. In going there, we are able also to enlarge our editorial facilities and our photographic services, both out of New York and out of Harrisburg itself.

To celebrate this program of expansion and to honor the President of this Society, James H. Maurer, a dinner will be given in New York City on Tuesday, April 14th. It will be a real *LABOR AGE* night, in which the subjects weighing on the minds of Labor men and women will be discussed in humorous and witty vein. Our readers, residing in New York or in San Francisco, are invited to this flow of soul.

To make this program of expansion effective and thus bring to you and the Labor Movement in general a better and bigger magazine, we want your co-operation. "Subscribers and more subscribers" is our aim—the aim which will justify this further extension on our part. Last year, as we have stated, a few months drive brought us over 8,000 new readers. We must double that record, at least, in new subscribers this year.

American Labor deserves to have at least one general independent labor monthly, covering the field of new labor activities. You can help make this clearing house of information the big thing it should be. At the same time, you can help yourself through the premiums and commissions that we are prepared to offer.

Labor Age

The National Monthly

The Prisoners of Quequechan

By URBAN SULLIVAN



THE PRISON-FACORIES OF FALL RIVER

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LUCK was with us—and against us. We had taken a gambler's chance on the weather—and we had won. Early May was transported into February. The prim New England houses, often centuries old, shone cleanly white in the sunlight. The road danced and gleamed before us. It was just the time for a later-winter's hitch-hike. The world was ours.

Or, it would have been ours had we not forgotten our magic book. That was the wand with which we lured the wary traveler into picking us up and aiding us along our way toward Fall River.

"That's a great stunt, that book," had said a knight of the road with whom we had ridden one cold December day through the midlands of New Jersey. "Yes, that's a great stunt."

The book had made a deep impress on his mind. Rightly so. It might be the latest gruesome tale of murder by Souvestre or the blithesome recital of how Christian and toothless Socialism really is, by Ramsay MacDonald. Its contents mattered not. Sit on a log and wait. Wave the book at the passing traveler. It was a surety of respectability. No lowly hobo would carry such with him.

In our haste to leave New York and its pomps behind, we had forgotten this invaluable aid on this particular Springy February morning. Progress was accordingly slow. Caution is the chief attribute of the New England character. Our attempts to "sell" ourselves as rider-companions of automobilists were largely scorned. By night we had only gone as far—or near—as the summer resort town of Madison, Conn.

In the quiet evening of that almost deserted place, listening to the radio "as far West as Cleveland," and hearing in a vague way the boss of the inn tell of his exploits as a contractor, we resolved to ourselves to reach Fall River the next day or "bust."

"Double-Double-Double"

The resolve made for good fortune. Through quaint old New England villages, with families intermarried until they could call themselves "Double-Double-Double," past teams of oxen drawing loads of timber (in the oldest part of America!), over the long depressing road that carries you through Rhode Island, we made our way as far as Providence. From there it was mere child's play to reach our goal, Massachusetts' southern textile city.

We halted a short time at Warren, just over the Rhode Island border, to allow our temporary chauffeur, a lingerie salesman, to display his wares. Fate thereupon threw us into the arms and presence of Howard De Wolfe, the talkative and likeable druggist of that town. With a merry twinkle in his eye, but with a certitude that many religionists might envy, he proclaimed the Nordics to be a race divine, with the Scots at the top of the Nordic pile, Coolidge to be the model president, Jefferson "a demagogue and agitator"—firing an amazing list of quotations at us as he waited upon his customers. For Fall River and its "foreigners" he had but faint praise. The saving thing about the place, apparently, were the Nordic owners of the mills.

With that introduction we entered the city that lays upon the Taunton. Mills! Mills! MILLS! From the River to Watuppa Pond, everywhere they greet you. "Depression," they say, is the ailment of the textile industry. Depressing in the best of times must be this cotton city.

You saunter down to the water-front, to see the boat that will leave tonight for Newport, the home of the millionaires, and for Gotham. To your right and to your left, huge piles of white rock rise above you. They pursue you to the very water's edge. Built of the same material as many prisons, on the very plan that prisons follow the country over, they startle you with their likeness to those Houses of the Living Dead.

Watch-towers at the entrance to many of them heighten the resemblance. Therein sits the watchman, eyeing you as you approach. Most of them are good chaps—"this is a hard-boiled place," one of them volunteered, "they wouldn't let you see anything."

Denied Admission

He was right, not only about "that place" but

about many others. The American Linen Company's mill stands, walled about, near the river front. Being neither a gentleman nor a war-hero, I had taken one along. He presented the card of the milling brokerage firm with which his family are connected. The superintendent smelled a mouse somewhere. Even that passport would not take us within the sacred walls. Outsiders were not wanted there, we were curtly told.

But we took the situation by the horns, or the nape of the neck, or however you might want to put it, and walked through the archway leading to the courtyard which the mill shuts in. Were those gray figures, there? No, it was an illusion—a memory of Sing Sing. There were merely painters working on the inner-outer walls. The prisoners were within—at the machines, covered with cotton lint, working monotonously in the high temperature that would produce "T. B.," if the laws of Nature were at work there as they are in the rest of the world.

Our credentials and our eloquence were equally fruitless in the far reaching hulk of the American Printing Company's plant. The watch-tower let us into the office sanctum. Beyond that, we did not pass. It was not until noon hour that our opportunity came.

Near the stroke of twelve, little children were scurrying through the prison walls. They carried dinner pails and newspaper-wrapped lunches in their arms. Some brought hot coffee in steaming cans. Here and there came an old man with the package and the can. A girl or young man would come to the entrance and take these from him. A few figures, covered with cotton lint, would dash out of the mill, overcoat-enwrapped, rush to the corner to a lunch wagon nearby and dash back again.

As one old man, bent and vacant-eyed, entered the sacred portals, we pressed along with him and invaded the forbidden land. The name of the mill we will forget, for the watchman might get into trouble, if the Lords or Ladies or Honorable Doormats in charge of the plant were to learn of his serious omission in not hurling us out into the sidewalk on our ears.

Losing Their Souls

The noon hour was almost at hand. The machinery was still rushing on with its burden of cotton, warped and woofed as the shuttle hurried back and forth. The room was humid. It stifled one, coming from the crisp air outside. The air was charged with cotton fragments. Women's hair and clothes were covered with it. It clung to us as we walked up and down, watching the monotonous drive, back and

forth, back and forth of the machinery. Dully, with no interest, dragging themselves along, operatives walked down the aisles between the machines, watching the bobbin, inspecting the goods—seeing that all went well. They were losing their souls in the making of the cloth. They were having all individuality, all hope of being men, stamped out of them.

That was apparent when we talked with some. They were hesitant about explaining things, not perhaps because they didn't know but because they had lost the ability of expression. Then, too, they probably thought: "What the hell! What's he want to know for?" There was that sort of spiritless spirit in the room.

As we moved upstairs, looking over the devious processes by which the cotton gradually changes from the raw bale to a piece of cloth, we found an interpreter. He was full of the industry—merely to curse it.

"Hello, Sammy," said a group of Irish-American girls, as he started to tell us the story of the mills. "Don't be a naughty boy now."

There were four of them, blue-eyed, pretty-faced, but pale, shattered already by the pressure of the foul and cotton-laden air.

Sammy was naughty on this occasion. He warned us against getting work there.

"For God's sake," he advised, "don't come into the mills. Clear away from Fall River, if you can."

"The mills will eat you up," he continued, in explanation. "They will enclose you and grip you for good. Here, I've been working for ten years. I'm 25 years old, almost, and making \$20 a week—when I work. For 14 months I was out during the last year, so were most all the mill workers here. When the mills close, where else can you go? Fall River is one big mill. There's no place else."

"But why not get away?" I suggested, amateurishly.

"If you can! That's just it. I tried last year—and twice before. Went to New York and got over to Newark. No jobs open. What could I do? No money. Couldn't hold out."

Ten Per Cent. Cut

A slip of a girl walked by, dark and black-eyed, with kinky hair.

"Black Portuguese," he commented, "Fall River-born. She makes \$15 a week but she don't like it. She's going to try to get an easy job." He winked. "But that won't work now, here. The war's over. It might have worked when the sailors were at Newport."

"Married?" he answered my further query. "Hell, I'll never marry. Can't make my way now, much less with a wife and family. My father's a peddler and that keeps the roof over me. That's the only way I can have a home, sweet home."

Over the walls, everywhere that one looked, notices were posted: "Wages reduced 10 per cent." There had been but little protest against the cut. "No," said Sammy, "there was no real kick. What's the use? The unions are all divided up. And we're glad not to starve. And the city's glad to get rid of paying the workers' rent, as it had to do in a number of cases last year."

We had to get out then. It was too damn hot and close within. We passed a group of men and boys, sprawled on the floor, playing cards. Stripped save for a pair of pants and light undershirt, they sat on their bare feet, Turk fashion, as they played.

"What's matter with you, Tom?" asked one of them, as we looked over their hands. "Sad 'cause your woman left you?"

"Right," said the other, a young man, listlessly. "She said she was damn tired of working in the mill. She's going on her own, if she has to work."

Out in the fresh air, we took a long walk, clear across the city, to Watuppa Pond. There lies the Lincoln Mill, where there had been a brief uprising against the wage cut. "All over now," a Syrian lad told us, as we approached the mill. It was quickly snuffed out. Strikebreakers were easy to find. "Don't stick here," our Syrian friend volunteered. "It's dead and buried."

Next to the City Hall in this prison town, there stands a forsaken fountain, with a lamp above it. On its side there run these pretentious words:

"Faith, Hope, Charity"

By a strange irony, the fountain of Faith, Hope and Charity is dry. The lamp above it is lit no more. It is a good symbol of the dead soul of the town. Nobody cares. Everybody curses it—except the Yankee mill owners, whose names decorate the streets and whose absentee ownership rules the town.

Even the inspiration which built and named the town is lost. Quequechan—the Indian river which gave the place its name—has now become a joke. Its title of river is a rash assertion. It is a lost body of water lying between the two branches of Watuppa Pond. On its forgotten waters live the forgotten prisoners, striving to escape, but damned to a life of tubercular toil.

Will they ever break their bonds? That must be told in some other chapter.

Can You Borrow from Your Union?

The Headgear Workers Can Answer "Yes"

By GEORGE M. SPECTOR

ONE thing we have none of us learned to get on without: Money.

Comes a time, as the movie title-writers say, when we need money and need it badly.

Every worker is compelled to borrow at times. An addition may be expected to our family. To bring little John or Will or Nat into the world requires cash; doctor and nurse do not yet serve us without payment. Some unhappy turn of luck may throw the shadow of sickness into our home. It may last a long time. Again: the need for money may be very great, to meet this critical situation. Unemployment may look in at our door and all of the family will suffer if there is not place to turn for reserve funds.

You know this. I know it. We have all been pressed with the same dread question: How to get the necessary few pennies at a time of great need.

If we go to private banking companies, we can get a little loan only under great humiliations. We must pay big interest for it—rates that used to be called Usury. The worker is the easiest victim of the loan shark. Even though everything looks regular, the cost demanded of the man of little means is always above and beyond what he should pay. Because—the excuse runs—the “hazard” is greater. The worker has little “security” to put up, to cover loans that he may want to make.

When we are not caught by the loan shark, we fall into the net of the installment house. Without the full amount to buy something that we need, we purchase it on the time payment plan. We pay and pay and give the installment company a rich reward, out of our pockets.

Installments vs. Borrowing From Yourself

Isn't this a typical picture of a worker's family:

“Joe, we need a coat for Susie and a hat for Johnny and so forth and so forth.”

“Well, we haven't the money now. I guess you'll have to buy those things from the installment house or from the little fellow that comes around and sells them on the installment plan.”

This happens even more frequently when furniture and other household supplies are to be secured. Ready money would mean a saving in the price over and over again.

Ready money can be secured when needed, without humiliation, if the union to which a worker belongs

has established a credit union. Why?

The Headgear Workers in New York can answer that question. They have established such a union, chartered by the Banking Department of the state. Shares are bought by members of the Headgear Workers—at the rate of \$5.00 per share. The State watches over the organization most carefully. This guarantees honest and secure methods in running the institution. Your funds are as secure in the credit union as in a first-rate savings bank.

When a member needs money, he can get it without difficulty. In borrowing, he is borrowing from himself. The credit union is a co-operative enterprise. Its profits are divided among its members each year in proportion to the number of shares held by every member.

Coming and Going

You are beating the loan shark, brother, coming and going. That is something that can be thought over seriously, to say the least.

But that is not all. In a small way, the workers are just weakening by that much the grip of the financial interests on their daily lives and on the power of the labor group. Credit unions are a more lowly, but equally effective, form of credit competition with the private banks, as the labor banks. They go along with the labor banking development, serving the individual workers of all degrees. Your wife will rejoice at your union's having a credit union, as well as yourself.

Our own faith for the Headgear Workers Credit Union has been more than justified. In June, 1924—the second of that month, to be exact—we got our charter. That is a mere eight months ago. But in that time our credit organization has grown to 600 members and our capital stock stands at \$60,000. It is a record that compares more than favorably with the many other credit unions in existence in this country.

This idea is not, by the way, anything new. There have been private ventures of this kind in America for many years. They have worked out for the benefit of the workers, within decided limits. The union credit union has few limits to the good it does its members. Its sole purpose is to serve. It is merely handling credit in order to help those who need it. Life is certainly made easier and happier for its being on the job.

OUR OWN EDUCATION VS. THE OTHER FELLOW'S In Which We Make an Announcement

EDUCATION" is a term elusive as the summer's breeze. Nations have used it for the strengthening of extreme nationalism. The Employing Interests have used it—and are using it—to spread their anti-labor appeal. The organized workers have now awakened to the need for Education for themselves and by themselves, to make for a more resultful outcome in the industrial fight.

John Bull, says the Plebs League of England in the accompanying cartoon, is interested in one sort of "education"—that which militarizes and stops thinking. In the land beyond the seas the workers' movement has grasped for some time, the value of education on its own account.

Now is the sweep of this education carrying itself across America. It is something that each and every one of us can interest ourselves in, to our great advantage. It will strengthen us personally and the movement of which we are a part.

With the next issue **LABOR AGE** offers you a remarkable opportunity. It is the first of the correspondence courses of the Workers' Education Bureau of America. For twelve months this course will run through our columns. It will give you, no matter how well versed in labor lore, a new

chance to better your understanding of the Labor Movement in America, its history, job in the future and the part each of us can play in it.

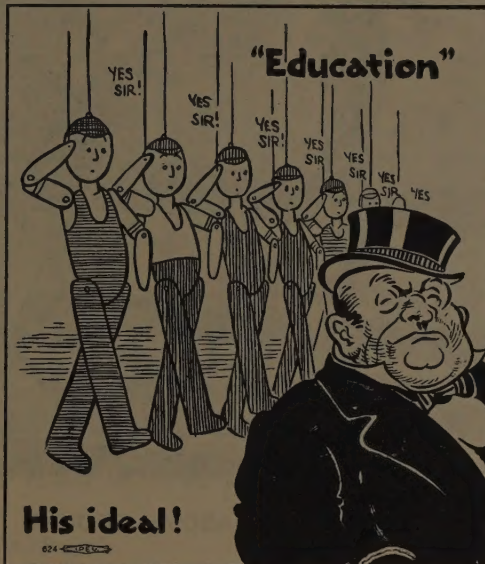
President William Green of the American Federation of Labor is continuing the interest shown in this work by the

late Samuel Gompers. One of the most effective weapons that the worker has in his fight for a better deal and for final control of industry, it is only in the first days of its infancy in this country. To get in on the ground floor is worth while. Watch for the next issue and get a glimpse of our own education in contrast to the other fellow's—the Employer's.

Also, let us remind you of the Workers' Education Conference, called by the Workers Education Bureau for April 17, 18 and 19 in the City of Philadelphia. Endorsed and aided financially by the A. F. of L., the Workers Education Bureau is extending its work into every possible American village and hamlet.

Local unions, as well as state and international bodies,

should be deeply interested in this Conference, meaning so much to American Labor. Out of Workers' Education will come a quickening of the spirit of trade unionism. The Philadelphia Conference will give further morale to union energy and effort.



We learn by experience. No one can deny that. If we don't, then we can never make headway. So it is with the group. They also learn by doing. Labor banking and labor credit unions are training us, as organized bodies, to do the job that we always supposed individual exploiters should do for us. We are learning to conduct our own credit business, and with that is linked up indirectly the whole work of learning to control industry.

A Caller

Now, I have just had a caller. We are talking over a loan. He is an old man. He needs money, just temporarily, for a sickness. It is his wife who is ill. He shuffles in to me to talk the thing over. He is hesitant and backward. Somehow or other, he can't get the old idea out of his head: that some-

body is doing him a favor in lending him money. The thought never enters his head that he may be doing them a much greater favor, in letting them earn interest, big interest, out of his needs.

We have a good talk about the situation. "Of course, brother, you will get your loan. There will be no waiting. It is yours for your needs."

After our talk, what a change! The man is not only relieved. He has seen a new idea. He feels secure for the future, in the little troubles that may come. With no old age pensions for him, this next best thing has been secured for him. That's one small bit of the message of the credit union.

Well, we are rather proud of our effort. We are glad to be able to answer the question: "Can you borrow from your union?" with a strong, decided "Yes."

Iron Men vs. Iron League



International

TWENTY STORIES ABOVE GROUND

HIGH above the rushing mass of white collar tenderfeet in the great street canyons of Gotham. Men are balancing themselves on "silken threads of iron," compared to the solid earth or granite or concrete to which most all the rest of us of humankind trust ourselves. In this airy, dizzy cyrie they heave great pieces of metal into place, bolt them together, and erect the skeletons of our big Temples of Business.

Below them is not only the bubbling, restless crowd. There may lie the harbor or other lesser buildings or a thousand and one things that would distract the ordinary mortal and make him lose his balance and his life. A casual experience with a whirling rail at Coney Island, not 50 feet from the solid earth, turns the weakling pale and nauseates him.

High above the rushing mass stands Jack Dollar, our old friend, one of these Iron Men of the Twentieth Century. A Harold Lloyd stunt is his daily task. With it he earns his daily bread.

Jack can tell you all about the "game." He tells it indifferently. He don't think much about it. Scarcely straying off Manhattan Isle, he can nar-

rate tales as thrilling as any Melville or Conrad story of the raging seas.

"Look here," he said, when I put the thing up to him. "If you want to know, I've seen accidents—a plenty of them. Here's one: A fellow named Mace, hit by a little piece of iron, fell four stories and smashed himself to pieces on a concrete floor below. Another one, on the same job, tumbled to the street, leaving five children behind. It happens every day, I guess."

"A Life for Every Storey"

He went on, with many a daring deed of the Knights of Iron. Heroism is talked of on the battlefield, in the prize ring and in other tight and "glorious" places. The workaday world furnishes heroes whose praises are never sung. They go about their daily dangerous jobs without any excitement or acclaim by the public press or the other organs of "opinion." Of such mold are the iron workers. So hazardous is their task that "a life for every storey" is a phrase common to the industry.

Five, ten, twenty storeys above ground (as in the picture accompanying this article) these hardy workers step along on iron beams, rest and take their

lunch, careless of the dangers of death facing them at every turn.

Even with that, their problems and battles do not end. Facing destruction all the time at their job, they are also confronted by an enemy stubborn and powerful, in their effort for a square deal and decent control of their jobs.

Those high "castles" of work are the battleground for a union struggle, of the greatest importance to the building industry and to unionism at large. The product on which these men work is iron and steel, turned out in large part by the United States Steel Corporation or one of its allies or subsidiaries. U. S. Steel is the backbone of the anti-union fight. It is *the* Industrial Autocracy of America. With the wisdom of the Kaiser, it knows that Kaiserism will fall, unless it becomes aggressive and wipes out Democracy in every other industrial field.

Therefore have the Kaisers of the Industrial World formed a body of subject barons and lords, known as the Iron League. It is composed of manufacturers who obey the will of the Steel Corporation. These manufacturers, at the behest of the Corporation, compel contractors to refuse recognition to the union shop. They will buy only non-union steel and will allow only an "open shop" to exist on the building operation.

26 Broadway and the "Snakes"

Attempts by the League to use non-union men on the new Standard Oil sky-scraper going up at 26 Broadway and on twenty-three other buildings in New York have caused the Iron Men to throw down the gauntlet to the Iron League. Two thousand workers have walked out from the building operations controlled by the League—and the merry war is on.

The merry war will go on until Unionism has won some definite victory for a union shop in the New York market. The Iron League is linked up with West Virginia and the anti-union struggle there. The hand of Steel is moving the manikin coal operators in that field, and in the heart of Pennsylvania, where Somerset's non-union men have just been given a wage cut. The Iron Men in New York strike at the center of the "Open Shop" combination.

"Snakes" may come into the picture for awhile. Then can hardly stay there long. A "snake," be it known, is an iron worker's term for a scab or fink or rat in other labor language. "Snakes" may invade John D.'s building at 26 Broadway—the great center of workers' exploitation and of anti-unionism. But we predict that the Iron Men will find St. Pat-

ricks to drive them off the Standard Oil's premises.

Their struggle is our struggle. We can watch it with interest. Only the iron workers are on strike, but other crafts have been affected. The stoppage of the derrick men halts the hoisting of stone. Other operations are paralyzed in like fashion.

CURIOSITY

MAY HAVE KILLED A CAT

But there is no record of a worker ever being hurt by it.

When a youngster, did you ever take a clock apart to see what made it tick?

Now that you are a grown-up does that same curiosity urge you on to the discovery of new ideas and things?

What could be more interesting, or entertaining, than to put the human mind through the same tests you put the clock?

You can do this best by being a regular reader of

OUR ARTICLES ON PSYCHOLOGY

This series of articles appears exclusively in **LABOR AGE**. They offer the only course in psychology and labor now being printed. Alone, they are worth the price of the magazine—don't skip them.

Jack Dollar, our old friend, takes the whole thing philosophically. "We've got to beat them some time. If it's eventually, why, why not now? The American Bridge may try to flood us with snakes. But we'll have to get that game under way now or never. If we beat the Iron League, I guess the rest of the workers won't kick much."

He smiled at this last surmise. It was more than a "guess." The rest of the workers look forward with hope to an Iron Men's success and an Iron League defeat.

Then, high over the rush of the tenderfeet, free men will do their jobs on the iron beams. There will be some compensation for the duel with Death which they are ever playing.

Confessions of a Labor Spy

CHAPTER I.

A BAD BEGINNING

NO, I have not reformed, I am not sorry, nor have I suddenly decided to go over to the side of the unions. I have been out for the "jack" for over twelve years, still am, and I suppose, always will be.

That is the reason I am writing this story of my adventures as a labor "dick." That and a few personal reasons. I have quit the game, never to go back to it, and I have a sore spot or two which will be soothed by the knowledge that my writing this will hurt certain people.

I was in the game for twelve years, starting as a "number" on the books and ending as a district supervisor, almost as the head of my own "agency." I've been behind most of the scenes and know about what makes the wheels go round. When I started the game it was comparatively young, just graduating from the old heavy shoe Pinkerton days. I have been on the inside and watched the game develop to what is almost a science. From that of strike-breaking to preventing organization.

Always the end was the same. "Get the jack" was, and still is the motto. Years ago we would sit on the side line and wait for a strike to break out, now the industry with the least "unrest" is our best field. As brainy employers and new men entering the game began to apply the cold logic of business to our work, it changed from curing unrest to that of preventing unrest. From the clubbing of heads to the clubbing of ideas before they get into a head.

Perhaps it would be best before we get too deep into this story for me to tell you something about myself and how I got into the game.

I was born and raised in Detroit long before the honk of an auto was ever heard there. My father was a cutter employed by a local shoe factory. Both he and my mother were real 100 per cent Americans. My mother was very fond of her Americanism and never spoke of a foreigner without adding the word "dirty" before their names. My earliest recollections of her are as one who was continually protesting against the flooding of Detroit with "the dirty Hungkies," and "the dirty Dagoes."

From her I got the impression that any American was far and away the superior of even the best of the foreigners. I still find that idea clinging to me at times, even after I have learned by experience that it is "the bunk." I also got from her, though my father helped, the idea that it was a disgrace to work for a living. I can remember hearing her tell callers at our home how my father was being driven nearly frantic in his attempts to see to it that "the

men" did an "honest days' work." I knew then, though a child of only eight or nine, that father was merely one of the many cutters who worked at the bench, and had no more to do with seeing to it that the other men did their work than my mother had.

Many an evening I sat at the supper table and listened to my father tell of the hard grind he had at the factory and cuss the foreman. Then a few hours after when callers came and we sat in the parlor, I saw him sit silent while my mother told the visitors of his battles with the lazy men at the factory.

Before I was ten years old I knew that while father was just one of the workers at the shoe factory, both he and mother were ashamed of it, and sought to give the impression to outsiders that he was at least the foreman. I wondered at that. When I was seven or eight years old I was very proud of father. I thought he was surely doing a wonderful thing in cutting up leather to make shoes. I used to watch him sharpen his big shining knives and hope that when I grew up, I too, could be a cutter.

When I discovered that both he and mother were ashamed of his work, I was baffled. I asked mother about this one day when I was about ten years old.

"Mother," I asked, "Daddy isn't a foreman at Pingrees, is he?"

"Why do you ask such a question, Edward?" she answered.

"Well, I have heard you tell folks that so often that I thought he was, but today when I told a boy at school that my father was the foreman, he said I was bugs and that dad was just a common cutter like his father."

"Well, Edward, I'm surprised at you," mother exploded, "I've never said that he was the foreman, though the Lord knows he ought to be. Its true that I may have said something along that line to other people who don't need to know everything, but I've never lied about it."

"Well, why haint it just as good to be a cutter as a foreman?" I insisted.

"Oh, you are too young to understand," my mother replied. "Your father has never had a decent chance because of these dirty Dagoes that keep coming into the country. But things will change some of these days, at least you will never have to be a common factory hand. Though the Lord knows your father is a good man and it's no disgrace to earn a living by honest work."

There I was raised in a home where my parents were alternately saying that "honest work was no disgrace," and always acting as if it really was something to be ashamed of. I grew up, like countless other little American youths, to look upon work,

honest or otherwise, as something to be avoided at all cost. Two seasons at a local business college, after my graduation, served to clinch this idea.

At the business college we were taught that a white collar job was the highest aim in life because it took us out of the ranks of the common worker. My experience as a white collar boy did not turn out for the best, and after considerable switching around as a moderately poor bookkeeper and clerk at small wages, my wife's concern over the approaching birth of our first child sent me into the machine shop of one of Detroit's already growing automobile factories. Here, while I found the wages and working hours more satisfactory than in the office jobs, I was, nevertheless, far from pleased. I developed into a poor mechanic and a very much dissatisfied workingman. So poor, in fact, that I was constantly on the move from job to job, either in search of that great working-class will-o-wisp "a better job," or as a result of being fired for one reason or another.

Toward the close of my first year as a machinist I drifted into the I. A. of M. I use the term "drifted" rightly, for I had no great understanding or concern with the idea of trade unionism either before or after my joining the union. During one of the many organizing "drives" of the I. A. of M. in this district I just happened to be working in a shop where the union "took hold," and I, like many others, joined, partly because it didn't cost much and partly as a lark.

At one time I came near working up an enthusiasm over the principle of unionism. The particular organization drive on at that time was going over big, and an International organizer made a glowing talk at one of the few meetings I attended. I thought that I could see an opportunity for some easy money if the organization became strong enough to control the labor market. This spurt of interest caused me to read a few copies of the union journal, and make a little study of the movement. I soon saw that the organization at large had no intention of creating a job trust which could be used to shake down the employers in a tight market and that the attempt to change the aim of the organization and bring it around to my ideal was a big job. Much too big a job for me, who didn't like big jobs.

However, I kept my membership up in the union, even after I had lost this temporary interest. Changing jobs as often as I was, I never knew when I might need my membership, either to get a job, or to hold one. For almost two years I hung on to my membership card, generally skating on the thin ice of suspension by reason of being from two to three months in arrears with my dues. Finally, I did land a job because of my union card, but a good deal different sort of a job than I had ever looked forward to.

It was late in the February of a bad winter, I had

been out of work more than eight weeks, the wife was sick and I owed landlord, grocer and butcher all that my credit would stand. As a sort of farewell shot I sent a letter applying for a job to a "blind" address supplied by an ad in the *News*. Almost daily for weeks I had made the rounds of the local shops asking almost everybody from superintendents to straw-bosses for a job which no one seemed to have for me. With the dispatch of this letter I had half made up my mind that unless it brought in a job, I would hop the first freight train for some other town and leave the wife and kid to shift for themselves till times got better.

A few mornings after sending in my application the postman left a letter for me which gave me new hope. While the envelope carried no address other than a Post Office Box Number, I knew that the enclosed letter promised a job. Upon opening the envelope I found nothing but the letter I myself had written asking for the job. My assurance of a job went glimmering as I thought that the firm was merely returning my application as an easy and cheap way of telling me I was not wanted. I was about to throw the letter into the stove when I noticed that something had been printed on it with a rubber stamp. Still confident that this was some notice about "their regrets," I read it. To my great surprise it read: "Bring this letter with you to Room 861, — Building, on the same day that it is received and an interview will be granted concerning the position for which you applied." That was all, no name, no signature, nothing. Surely, I thought, this is a funny way to answer my application, but I need a job too badly to be particular and I'll give it a trial.

Ten-thirty that morning found me outside the door of Room 861, — Building. "Corporation Auxiliary" was painted on the glass door in small gold leaf letters, not a word about the kind or nature of the business, just those two words, nothing else. I thought that I knew the name of every firm in Detroit that employed any considerable number of machinists and I had never heard of this concern. Looking again at the room number, to make sure that I was at the right place, I entered the office.

Immediately inside the door was a space enclosed by the typical office railing. Against the wall were two or three benches on which were sitting a half-dozen or more men, all of them, from appearances, workmen. At the end of the enclosure, at the gate, was a small telephone switchboard, in charge of a young woman. Seeing a small bronze sign "Information" on this desk, I approached, letter in hand.

"Good morning, Miss," I said, offering her the letter. "I came here in response to this letter, perhaps you can give me some information about it."

COMPANY UNIONISM—A DUD FOR THE WORKERS

If you have tears, prepare to weep them now.
It's all a bursted bubble.

Company unionism is a dud—the dullest of the duds, so far as the workers under it are concerned. Social workers have so pronounced and when social workers say a hard word against the employers it **MUST** be the truth, so help me God.

The Russell Sage Foundation bears a "respectable" name enough. It was organized for a "respectable" purpose. It has made a study of the Rockefeller Company Union Plan in Colorado—and has returned a verdict of "Guilty." The plan is good—for Rockefeller, and rough on the workers. The so-called democracy is a fake.

In this verdict, there is a moral for the workers, for all of us. Company unionism will in every instance be a fake—a snare and a delusion. It is against the whole idea of democracy and of our independence as men. The very name "company unionism" is a dead give-away. It shows who owns the union of that character. The only union that will

protect the workers' interests is a workers' union, a legitimate union, started by workers and controlled by them.

Sad are the press writers of the company union idea, as all their dreams, at so much per dream, are shattered. They will have to think up a new song. Social workers

have attacked the company union!

While upon which theme, we humbly venture to suggest that the Federal Council of Churches inquire of Mr. John D. Rockefeller just what is his definition of a "Christian." From observation of his own conduct, we judge it to connote that peculiar word—"hypocrite." On his palace at 26 Broadway "snakes" are now employed, at the behest of the Iron League. Everywhere through the country he leaves a trail of anti-union-



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ism—while joining his hands in public prayer for "organization of the workers!" Christ drove the money changers out of the Temple. Has the Federal Council as much courage?

This question awaits an answer.

"Just sit down over there," she replied, pointing to the row of benches, "I will call you when your turn comes for an interview."

I selected a seat on the bench nearest the door and sat with the others silently turning our hats in our hands and trying to look as though we didn't in the least mind this waiting. One by one the switchboard operator called or beckoned us through the swinging gate, as her head-phones told her that the boss was ready for another interview. I had noticed that while about six men had been called in before my turn came, none of them returned. This I had at first thought meant that all were being hired and put to work, but I soon associated the noise of a door opening and closing somewhere out in the main hallway with the buzz which preceded the switchboard operator's beckoning hand. One door in, another one out, I deduced. But I could not see a reason for such a method.

At last my turn came. In response to the swinging inward of the office gates I was met by another young lady, who, motioning me to follow her, led the way through aisles of shining golden oak desks to a door marked "Private."

"Walk right in," she said invitingly.

Little did I think, as I reached for the door knob, that I was about to be interviewed by the shrewdest and most successful union wrecker in America. Or that I was taking my first step in an exciting and adventuresome career as a Labor Spy.

Editorial Note.—This eye-opening story of a labor spy will continue in our April issue. We consider *LABOR AGE* fortunate in having secured this material, after much patient negotiation. Other installments are even more enlightening.

The Triumph of Marching Men and Women

Out of the Uprising of the Twenty Thousand and the Great Revolt

By LOUIS F. BUDENZ

A decade and a half ago. The obscure of the earth emerge, many-headed, from the dark tenements and sweatshops of New York, in huge, unorganized Revolt. The Wise of the Earth wag their heads, in satisfaction. "These ants—undisciplined, divided among themselves, vaguely uncertain of their goal—what harm can they do their Masters? Soon they will slink back into their tenements and sweatshops and the whip will lash them as before." The Revolt grows, organizes itself somehow, presses on. The Spirit triumphs, though the Flesh is weak. The hour of deliverance is at hand. The wind of that Spirit blows against the Masters and its sea of enthusiasm covers them; "they sink as lead in the mighty rushing waters." The starved, battered maker of ladies wear

comes, blinking into the light. His union has won the day. Out of that black mass of headlessness thenceforth come many of the constructive measures which have given signs of hope to the American workers. It builds buildings, erects summer homes, creates banks, reorganizes its industry and looks forward ever to the entry of the workers into the Land of Canaan.

This is the epic told eloquently in Dr. Louis Levine's "The Women's Garment Workers." Do you feel a drooping of the spirit in these days of Reaction, Brothers and Sisters? Read it—and learn that the Dawn comes after Darkness, that the Greatest Victories are yet to come.

IT is four o'clock in the morning. New York's night life has largely died out. The day is a few hours away. But it is still dark. And cold.

Vague figures, scantily dressed and huddled up to keep warm, hurry out of the cave houses of the East Side. They have been stirring since three. Several of them make headway in the direction of West Taylor Street. They come to a narrow passage-way between two houses. Passing through, they cross a lot to an old stable in the rear. Not a light can be seen in the houses in front. But above the stable an uncertain gleam, probably from an oil lamp, breaks the dark monotony. They shuffle up a stairs and into a room, low-ceiled and dirty.

A stifling, close odor pervades the room. Mingled with it is the smell of gasoline and the smell of the stable below. The sink in the room adds to the stench. There is one toilet in the rear—for men and women.

The figures become workers and set about their daily toil—seven men, three women. The machines they use are run by foot power. They will stay there until eight or nine o'clock at night. Then they will stumble home in the dark, to fall into bed for another awakening at three. At the end of the week their pay envelopes will contain from \$3 to \$10 for their work.

That is a little glimpse under the curtain of the work-life of the garment worker in the year 1890. The immigrant flood of ten years from Eastern and Southeastern Europe, led by the Jews, had brought

a mass of workers to our shores, exploited in this fashion by earlier-comers of their own race in many instances.

Twenty years later—after small rebellion after rebellion, after unions and I. W. W.'s and United Brotherhoods, after attempts to coalesce with the United Garment Workers, after bitter dispute after dispute over Socialism, Socialist Labor Party-ism and Anarchism, after ten years of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union—conditions in the rough were much the same. The workers on the garments of My Lady were still huddled in their tenements, still sweated in contracting shops at long hours, still far away from any effective control of their industry or any decent conditions.

In 1909 the International itself was a mere remnant of what might have been. It was difficult for it even to meet its bills for the rent, light and heat of its modest general office. The General Secretary-Treasurer appeared early in the morning, snatched up his mail and disappeared for the day to avoid creditors. The dead hand of Depression was on the industry.

The Twenty Thousand Rise—And More!

Then came new hope. First, a faint revival. Followed by the growth of trade. The workers began to feel that their hour was at hand. The employers, witnessing the waves of victory and quick defeat for the revolting masses, looked upon the situation with peaceful minds. Their eyes were to be opened as never before.

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In July, 1909, a strike broke out in a shop of 200 workers in New York. It was not a large affair, but it was to have widespread results. The workers, waist and dress makers, went out in a body. In a few weeks they had won. This gave new courage to the members of the newly organized Local 25, which had been languishing since its formation a short time before. The good news spread to other shops and two more of these went out.

Within a few months their case appeared to have become hopeless. Picketing fell off. All seemed lost.

Then it was that the officers of Local 25 and the United Hebrew Trades determined upon a bold stroke, in the shape of a general strike in the waist and dress industry. No one knew what would be the response. In order to get the strike order adopted, a ruse had to be resorted to, certain workers appearing as representatives of shops which they did not represent to tell of the bad conditions and the ripeness of the time.

The answer of the workers was immediate. At a great mass meeting in Cooper Union they voted to strike, taking the "old Jewish oath" that they would stand together. Thus did the Twenty Thousand rise to arms. The bitter struggle that followed did not lead to complete victory. It was more or less of a draw. The union was not recognized by the employers' organization in the trade. But the nation had been stirred to a realization of the conditions that existed in the sweated trades, and the way was paved for the "Great Revolt" of the following year, which made the I. L. G. W. U. a power in the ladies' garment industry.

Sixty thousand workers deserted their tools in this upheaval. Never organized before in the main, they stood together stubbornly until victory came—in the form of the "Protocol" of September 2, 1910. For the first time in American history an agreement, containing recognition, was signed between the united employers and the majority of the workers in the trade. With it came that unique institution in American labor history—the Joint Board of Sanitary Control, to help wipe out the insanitary conditions in the industry.

On through the years the I. L. G. W. U. reached out into other fields, to make itself a real industrial union. Crises came in its relations with the employers. Compromises and further crises came and went. The Protocol, designed to keep perpetual peace but unsatisfactory to the workers in many details from the start, died in time; though the Joint Board of Sanitary Control grew and developed. Union expansion took place not merely in new branches of the

industry, but also in cities throughout the country, notably Cleveland and Philadelphia.

A New Era and a New Program

Though suffering still from clashing groups, the union was able to readjust itself to changing conditions in a peculiarly fluidic industry. It took the lead in meeting the twists and turns of industrial development. Only this last year it has forced upon the employing interests a new program of development, largely through the leadership of President Morris Sigman. Out of this program has come in the rough: the limitation of sub-contractors, so that big shops under union control will be the new order; unemployment insurance on a big scale, and a sanitary label for union-made goods.

It has also pioneered in efforts of a more general nature of value to the Movement. Its example in Workers' Education has led to the American Federation's taking that matter throughout the country under its own wing. Its Union Health Center has provided clinical and disease-preventive facilities for the members, to ward off the ailments common to the garment trade. Places of recreation on Long Island and in the Pennsylvania hills have been provided. Its locals own their own office buildings, as also does the New York Joint Board and the International itself.

Out of the expansion of the union and the new phases of its industrial development has come a new International Union. The future brings it problems as formidable as those which it overcame in the past. It has the by-no-means easy task of putting through its reorganization of the industry in fact, as well as by agreement. With Southern and Eastern European immigration shut off, it has the job of organizing new elements—negroes and native young women, who are being brought into the making of women's wear. It has the scattering of the industry over the country to reckon with. It has also the great spiritual problem of maintaining the magnificent enthusiasm which swept its formerly poor and derided membership into power. What it has accomplished in the midst of great odds fills the outside worker and the observer with awe. It is the story of remarkable achievement.

Dr. Levine has told the story with the objective view of the real historian. He has been happy in his ability to present the questions arising from internal differences, with impartiality. We owe him a vote of thanks for presenting the case in simple and popular style, which detracts in no way from the thoroughness of his study. It is one of the best books B. W. Huebsch has issued for a long while.

Joining The Joiners

Brother Brown in the Bible Belt

By BILL BROWN, BOOMER

WELL, friends: After prowling around for three weeks in the "eefect" East, to no good purpose, as far as landing myself a job is concerned, I hies myself back toward the great open faces. At this writing I am sitting in the "Lounge" of one of Cedar Rapids' most exclusive flop houses. Tonight I shall choose a boxcar headed West, as against again accepting the chill hospitality of mine host, The Salvation Army.

The past days have found me busy traveling through America's justly famous Bible Belt; betimes, as my old friend Sam Pepys so often said, seeking the elusive job in its native lair. The Bible Belt is out here where the vest begins to disappear, where great hairy he-men drink raw fusel oil hot from the still, and the seeker sex knows the book of etiquette backwards by heart. A graph showing the number of Fords to the square inch would reach its highest peak here in the noble state of Ioway. Which surely is a sign of culture or something.

Barring the Big City of Wind, and the mine district of Illinois, this Belt is an air pocket for the trade union aeroplane. About everybody is organized out here but those who do the work. Every town is completely surrounded by signs of welcome from the Kiwanis, Lions, Rotary, Civic, Advertising and Booster Clubs. After being so cordially welcomed, one feels right at home by the time one reaches Main Street. But don't make the mistake of inquiring for Union Headquarters.

I tried that in Waterloo. "Pardon me, officer," says I to the big khaki-clad traffic policeman, "Would you kindly direct me to the Labor Temple?"

"Sure thing," he responds, "Right over—ah—, what temple was it you asked for?"

"Labor Temple," I insisted.

"Well, let's see," he starts out hesitatingly. "The Moose Temple is over on Sixth, the Elks' on Fifth, the Redmens' on Main, so is the Woodmens', the Owls' Temple is out on Washington, Masonic is on the Parkway, the Odd Fellows' on Ninth, the K. P.'s are in the Graham Block, the First Christian Science on Pine, and the Kla—, say, are you looking for the Kemple of Kith?" he asked, pausing and looking at me closely while he made a mysterious sign with his fingers.

Not feeling certain that "Koka Kola" was the right password for the sekret order he evidently had in mind, I assured him that I was still interested solely in the Labor Temple.

Seeing that I "would accept no substitute," and not knowing "what was wrong with this picture," he finally gives it up, and says, "Guess I can't help you out, stranger. We got about all the Temples a good 100 per cent. American town ought to have, but that one's a new one on me. We are a mighty growin' town though, and things move awful fast here, perhaps that's one of the new ones that I don't know nothin' about yet. You go over to the Chamber of Commerce Temple in the American Building, and talk with Harry Ross, the secretary. He's the up and comingest young fellow in town and knows most everything."

Mr. Ross knew what Labor Temple was all right enough. But he thanked all twelve apostles at once because no such contaminating influence cast its vicious shadow on his fair city.

"No such thing in this City, young fellow," he assured me, "We are a happy family of Americans, living at peace with one another, and the hydra-headed specter of red revolution has neither place nor welcome in this happy and harmonious home of industry."

While telling me all of this, Mr. Ross' looks sought, I thought, to convey to me the impression that the local boys who wore their nighties over their pants, were well drilled in the patriotic pastime of uplifting the community with the tar-pot, feather tick and fence rail.

But I fell strong for that "happy and harmonious" stuff. And as that was just the kind of place I had been looking for I thought I'd locate for a while in this city of Industrial Bliss. So I started out to look for a job. At first I had a little trouble distinguishing the factories from the many abandoned tabernacles I found strewn all over the town, but once I got next to the trick of following the fresh Ford tracks I was all set.

At the two-dozen, or more, factories I visited I was offered two "excellent opportunities for advancement." But on learning that the current wage scale in this Peaceful Paradise was from 22½ cents to 35 cents an hour, I decided that there was alto-

gether too much room for "advancement" for me to attempt the hurdle. Then I had my doubt about being "happy and harmonious" in such a town, even if I did, later on in life, finally reach the pinnacle of success and become the sole owner, repairer and supporter of a second-handed Ford.



Don't get the idea that these boys in the Bible Belt won't break loose from an initiation fee. They are the greatest "jinners" and organization boys in captivity. They will join anything at the drop of a hat, and if their fur is rubbed just the right way they will even go so far as to drop their own hat. But before they will join anything they must be assured of one or more of the following:

1. The name of the organization must be a zoological name.
2. The initiation ceremonies must call for total immersion.
3. There must be an office for at least every third member.
4. No less than six of the officers must be called "Grand, Noble, Supreme, or Exalted."
5. Some race, religious, or color issue must be injected.
6. The organization must profess to be without political aims, or intentions.
7. The Mayor, Chief of Police, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and at least three local Pastors must be on the Charter Roll.

8. The Grand Old Flag must be worked into the "work" somehow.
9. Plenty of meaningless mouthings about "Brotherhood" must form the "heart" of the organization.
10. A very solemn, impressive, and awe-inspiring oath must be taken with one hand (either hand) on the Good Book, while the other hand is held on the heart.

Those are the ten commandments of the Brothers of the Bible Belt. Without at least three of them no organization can amount to "a hill of beans," as they so aptly express it out here on the edge of God's well-known and popular country.

The only books I found out here were the Bible and Billy Sunday's "Paths to Glory," and after reading them over seven or eight times I learned that the way to get things done was to start out by "creating" something. As a job was the thing I needed more than anything else, I started out to create one for myself, there being none lying around loose like at the time.



I was all set to become the Grand High Most Exalted Supreme Master of the Benevolent Brotherhood of Lily Gilders when my creating machinery got a hot box because of lack of nourishment, and I was forced to follow Satan and the railroad track in search of eats.

"TO HIM THAT HATH—"

OLD is the saying and wise: "To him that hath shall be given."

The twelve months that have just rolled by have given beyond measure to those that had and have.

U. S. Steel has. To it was added a net profit in 1924 of \$152,937,130. Equal to \$11.07 to each \$100 share of common stock.

Inland Steel has. To it was added \$5,517,299 as net profit. Equal to \$16.28 to each \$100 share of common stock.

U. S. Fruit has. To it was added \$17,294,208.

Equal to \$17.29 on each \$100 share of common stock.

On runneth the litany of profits. Swift and Co.—your meat men: \$14,125,987. National Biscuit Co., \$12,881,530. Ward Baking Corporation: \$4,369,739. William Wrigley—chewing gum king: \$8,539,313. (Equal to \$57 per \$100 share of stock.) Und so weiter. Our good friend George W., mentioned elsewhere in this section, reports \$6,360,513 net out of his loyal employees.

Old is the saying and wise: "To him that hath shall be given."

The Quackery of Bernarr Macfadden

Bernarr's Bid to Big Business

By S. A. DE WITT

FOR the ideal man of the hour, captain and master of fate and soul, child of destiny (even if a trifle superannuated), allow me to present, ladies and gentlemen: Bernarr Macfadden.

From the rockbound coast of Labrador to the palm-swept sands of Borneo, you will not find another such non-pareil go-getter, deal-closer, champ sign-on-the-dotted-liner, pip of a put-it-acrosser, S. R. O-er, and headliner on the grandest circuit in creation, the wheel of Bunkerino. Line forms on this side.

Who wouldn't sign him up for season after season, circus or side show, Palace vaudeville, or olio for the Columbia Burlesque? For he is beyond argument the most interesting of species Americano since Sitting Bull threw his last tomahawk and Lydia Pinkham boxed up her first pill.

Time was when Bernarr had nothing but a shock of bristling hair, a la Roycroft, his name on a few vegetarian hasheries, and a crusader's yearning to express himself in a physical culture journal. That time he was what Moronia always terms a "nut."

It seems, however, to be the eternal way with "nuts" that they gather unto themselves a few sentimental angels, the "joiner" stripe, and so Mac's red-blooded vehicle of virility, vim and vigor came into print, as the *PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE*.

It was meant to be a serious Messianic effort to imbue into the varicose and purpural veins of American youth and adulthood, the elixir of the great outdoors, and athletics.

As the army and navy statistics proved, during the draft years, Mac thought then, that our method of living, the mad relay racing through drudgery of modern workaday civilization, was breeding a race of physical and mental subnormals.

There must have been a Lutheran fire in his eye, and a Calvinistic swing to his pen as he diatribed against a social and industrial age that dwarfed men, women and children for its mad uses.

There must have been a John the Baptist ring in his voice as he called unto America to stretch its limbs, expand its chest, inhale the zippy ozone, and go galavanting over the roads without end.

What marks Macfadden greater than the others who started great movements, is that he at least has lived to see, and still continues to make his ideals—**PAY**.

Christ did not live long enough to help share in the fat missionary funds of his present-day followers. Jefferson did not survive to the day when he might

have gotten a fine rake-off from a Tammany Subway Contract. Mark it down as a thundering epigram to the future years that it has been the fate of every Messiah since the last dinosaur—they never got in on the money. . . .

Thousands of years afterward mayhap, when the proposition got on a solid paying basis, a lot of vauriens, hangers-on, and cheap bunk slingers marched in and reaped the wages of another's virtue.

It came to pass, that while Bernarr was struggling along on his magazine, that he saw the gross injustice of the past.

Here he was leading a chosen people out of the bondage of ugliness into freedom and beauty. Thousands of wan slaves and dwarfed bodies were already in the van. The magazine was leaping and bounding into growth. Millionaire editors were angling for its purchase from him.

How the golden revelation came to him will perhaps never be known. Genius seldom indulges in memoirs. And he had no Boswell among his thirty dollar a week True Story trans-scribes. One can only conjecture, that it came about in this manner:

The Revelation

One afternoon, a decade or so ago, there walked into Mac's office, a thin, sedentary looking white collared clerk, sort of an American who got down to brass tacks at once. The lad had a thousand dollars saved up, which he was anxious to spend at once if Macfadden, the wizard of the Physique, would guarantee him within one year at most to add 12 inches more to his shoulders and 3 inches more to his half-inch chest expansion, with forty pounds of bicep muscle thrown in, etc.

Be it said for Bernarr's original honesty that he neither entertained the offer nor did he particularly angle for the thousand dollars of the simp.

The young man left with some advice and several Macfadden pamphlets.

But the incident set Bernarr to deep introspective pondering. The door had hardly closed when it occurred to him that the anemic youth had brought to him the greatest market in the world for his wares.

There were millions of young and old Americans everywhere, in the two-score and eight states, like this visitor, who had ten dollar bills and hundred dollar bills, and no shoulders, muscles, breasts, chests, for the form divine, all eager for the exchange. Most of the men were sex starved. Most of the women mate hungry. Because both the men and the women were blaming their loneliness upon

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their lack of physical presence and charm, here was a universe waiting in endless line to deliver their dollars into the coffers of the first inspired man of destiny that would not scruple to give them sublimed abstracts of bunk, for what they lacked in sad fact.

We may also imagine that Macfadden spent many days and nights battling the demons of temptation, even as Christ did in the desert. Unlike the Lord in this too he yielded. But there were mitigating circumstances of environment that might help us in being a trifle forgiving for this sin of his. America was just then at the high mark of success worship. The cattle were snouting and grunting about in the stables of yellow publicity, fakes of the press agent and blustering bluff.

He laid his plans and proceeded to carry them out after an extensive survey of his sphere of influence. He must first develop a series of interlocking magazines, each one particularly catering to one of the several interlocking weaknesses of Americans.

Becoming Appollos

Physical Culture in a general way attracted the chicken-breasted floppers who are unable to attract to themselves pretty girls for social companionship. Mac knew as any ordinary student of youth knows the terrific impulses of unrequited sex. An athletic carriage, an expanse of breast, developed muscles surely would get them. It was almost a fanatic dream with most of them to become Apollos, Jim Jeffries and Ted Coys. From whatever contact he had had with his readers, he had learned that they were all starved in body, brain and sex, men and women alike. From the feminine angle, he noticed from active inquiry that all the cosmetic advertisers, the purveyors of facial and body charm that paid him so well for bruited about their brutal bunk, were doing a wonderful business. The correspondence school fakers who advertised in his columns courses on how to become Pavlowas, Elmans, Benny Leonards, de Pachmanns, and Joseph Conrads, without any preliminary trouble at all were waxing fat. Every lying, scheming capitalizer of poor white credulity and craving for power utilized his advertising space and carried on profitably. New magazines must be started!

For men, he would have magazines of adventure, virility and dancing. For women, true story sex and sentiment dope and beauty. To each magazine he would apply advertising that would get to the yearnings and earnings of its particular class of dupes. And above all, since that sort of sordid advertising had paid royally for others, he decided to organize little companies, offices, schools, etc., under separate managements, in different locations, and with totally dissimilar names, that would take in the entire range of American ignorance and stunted ambition. What the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Elliott's

BERNARR'S BID



Here is the Business Men's Newspaper BECAUSE



It is fighting at all times for the business interests of New York City.

It considers business interests first and foremost.

Encourage your employees to read it and they will become more dependable and capable in every way.

Every blow aimed at capital in the end strikes the labor market.

Business Builders, and the like had done out of American dollar lust, he was going to consolidate into the most colossal empire of physical culture and sex satiety bunk the world had ever known.

Since all this is merely conjecture and we have no definite proof of anything said here, it might reasonably be that we are only sore we did not succeed as well as Bernarr did, and we are just cooking up a lot of bunkum ourselves because of jealousy.

But honestly, one has to put himself down as an out-and-out moron, not to sense with the five normal faculties the unmistakable odor of rot, after reading any of Bernarr's dozen or so publications and their beautiful array of advertised schools, courses and schemes for making giants out of pigmies, and gods out of twenty-two and one-half dollar a week shipping clerks.

The Golden Downpour

Ever since Macfadden crossed the Rubicon of doubt and started his campaign of contests, magazines, true story awards, correspondence courses in how to become anything from an expert tangoist, banjoist, or Steinmetz, to a "Red" Grange, Moronia has stormed and through the tempest has flooded a golden downpour.

And now that our Caesar has no more need of the moneyed Pompeys and Crassi of his former struggles, he has arrived at the King complex. A fawning group of publicans surround and cheer him. We now see our Mac carried away on the shoulders of his "Yes men."

By the strange processes of reasoning that genius is addict to, Mac concludes that he is meant to rule men and since the daily newspaper is reputed to make and unmake rulers, he decides to start a newspaper of his own, towards a mayorship, a governorship or some such stepping stone to the presidency. Let us suppose then, that that is how the GRAPHIC comes into its lurid cross-worded babyhood.

The advertisement that announced its coming birth remains in our mind as the most modernized version of the Sermon on the Mount, as applied to heralding a new brand of goods on the market. Why Camel Cigarettes, or "The Follies of 1925" does not follow suit will always remain a publicity agent mystery to us. In such seraphic "go-gettem" strain one might palm off "Red Hot Mommer" as an aria from the Gotterdammerung.

From the first, as a business proposition, the GRAPHIC was in hot water, since it ran in direct competition to two other powerful tabloid dailies that were more adroit at scandal, filthy gossip and tawdry blatherskiting than the Macfadden offspring. And since this physical culture bunk does not go so well in metropolitan centres where there is an awakening intelligence among the hoi-polloi, the paper has not met with the kindest fate. So it behooves us to imagine that the only other raison d'etre for the project must be that he intends to build around it his edifice of power.

Already there is afoot, the White Star Brotherhood of his—a sort of orphaned, rickety twin brother to the Ku Klux Klan and the other animal orders preaching "Brotherhood." It may be a few weeks, or a few months from now when we shall hear him talked about as a mayoralty candidate.

But we are hardly interested in his political ambitions. To us as to history an avowed political ambition is a certain sign of mental and moral disintegration. Macfadden or Hylan—"L" or Subway—influenza or la grippe—the choice is extremely difficult.

Our angle on Macfadden is purely economic. His last effort to make a paying proposition out of the GRAPHIC is both tragic and ludicrous. The circularizing of presidents of corporations throughout our city and environs, telling them how safe and sane a sheet the GRAPHIC is, is positively Homeric.

He proceeds in almost childish naivete to assure the employers that he intends to run his sheet so close to the line of industrial ethics, that they will be secure from strikes, dissension and foreign revolutionary tendencies, if their employees will only read his paper. For this sort of bunk the employing class don't fall so readily. They have their own press, Mr. Macfadden, that has proven quite efficient in its



On Such Pictures as These Bernarr Waxeth Fat—While Championing "Purity" and Child Enslavement.

brain and soul stultifying purposes for their employees.

We would sincerely advise Mr. Bernarr Macfadden to stick to his own field of exploitation.

He has been and will continue to be successful only if he works on the credulity of the small town suppressed Lotharios, Don Juans, Napoleons, Messalinias and Gloria Swansons. Feed them the panaceas for power, beauty, glory, talent—promise to sell them the magic of the gods, collect their fees, and give them those neatly printed formulae—of undiluted, unadulterated BUNK.

Satisfy Your Instincts!

A Tip From Psychology on Workers' Control

By JEREMY TAYLOR

IT is an old, old saying : Man lives not by bread alone.

The idea that the world moves on its belly, as with Napoleon's famous theory of an army, has much truth in it. But like all "truths," it is only a half-truth.

Men and women, human beings, must live. They must eat and drink and find shelter. Ordinarily, they must raise up families to succeed them, a food-shelter-and-clothing matter all by itself. That is the struggle on which the workers have been most set during the last two centuries—since the incoming of the "Industrial Revolution," which brought us the Machine System. This business of life—of gaining existence, of building up a vast machine to secure much more than existence for some few—has been discussed and "systematized" in what has commonly come to be known as Economics.

We are now coming to see that the mere study of the making of material things and the securing of them is only "half the battle." There is the equally important problem of human nature itself. Man is the center of the making and consuming of economic things. His conduct and behavior are constantly interplaying with his economic surroundings. All of us, employers and workers, are made up of a series of urges, for which Economics alone does not account. We therefore hear much, today, of the science of psychology, dealing with this "more than bread" side of ourselves as men and workers.

These urges to act, which all of us have, are termed our "instincts." We see them at work all around us in the workaday world which binds in the lives of most of us. Several of them stand out beyond the others: the instincts of workmanship, of possession, of self-assertion.

All men in some way or other have a desire to create. It is this inner urge which pushes men, who have no apparent need for occupation, to continue to find new fields of activity. Big business leaders often find not only gain but also a satisfaction of the "creative instinct" in building up their large corporations—unfortunately, at the expense of the creative instincts of the great mass of workers, whom these business "leaders" reduce to virtual peonage in their own greed or love of power. Man is like the

beaver or the bee, according to William James; he cannot escape construction and creation.

A Cog—Not a Creator

Our Machine Age has robbed the worker of the expression of this instinct. It has made him a cog, not a creator. In the Golden Age of the Guilds, at least a portion of the working class had an opportunity for this excellence. They brought craftsmanship up to a high degree of excellence. Go into the Ford plant at Detroit—that most widely-advertised of modern industrial enterprises—and see the workers turning a screw all day long, or doing some other small task, week in and week out. Look into many other of our large shops and factories, and note the monotony of the machine work. No way in which a man can better himself, except to make himself a better cog! No way to satisfy the desire for making something new, the work of his own hands!

There has been some wonder on the part of those of "high degree" at the unrest among the workers of this and other countries. The wonder has increased, when these "gentlemen from above" beheld that it was not hunger alone that caused the uneasiness. The man in overalls felt another need. That very need was one of the things that stamped him a man, as distinct from the rest of the animal kingdom. As a man, he wanted to create something by his own hands—and this was denied him. He wanted to be Master of the Machine, not its Slave. The present state of affairs has prevented him from satisfying that instinct of workmanship.

"I Must Possess"

Possession is said to be nine points of the law. The desire for possession is perhaps nine points of the urges of all of us. The Employing Interests display this desire in all its full-bloomed ugliness. For, their individual greed to possess deprives many others of the satisfaction of a like desire. "I must possess" is written today all over the acts of our so-called captains of industry, from John D., Jr., the peculiar Christian, to Andrew Mellon, who has put the "possess" sign on the White House itself. "More, more" is the demand—as with the drunkard's demand for alcohol. It has many of the characteristics of drunkenness about it.

Workers likewise want to possess. They want to control and own industry, just as the employer does. The only way, however, that they—being such a great mass—can ever achieve this dream is through some form of collective ownership. We know well, that this desire of the workers to own their own industries is not based solely on the craving for food or clothing or shelter—or “silk shirts” or automobiles. It is founded on something far beyond that, in the reaching out for more of the liberties and fullness of life to which all men are entitled.

How many have been the efforts of late, among big employing groups in particular, to discover some way to meet this demand. The General Electric Company has amusements of all sorts, including a play at “employees’ representation,” to quiet this desire of the workers to possess that industry. Numerous other schemes of like character have been framed up to turn the worker from his goal—the group control of industry—and to make him believe he had some voice in running a plant he did not own. Stock sales to workers have been another plaything thrown to the men, in the hope that they will stop and be diverted by it, long enough for the Employing Interests to find some other way to halt them in their demand to possess.

“Bread and the Circus”

But this urge has a dynamic, driving power that little baubles of this kind can hardly check for long. Once in the workers’ minds, this thought that they should possess that which they build up will stick there with tenacity. “Bread and the circus” may quiet the masses, as in old Rome, until our whole capitalist civilization falls to bits—but serious doubts can be entertained about it. Perhaps, a movement such as that of the later Middle Ages may arise—when the workers will come again into their own, on a much bigger and more intensive scale. Things look in that direction now.

Self-assertion is hard to down, just as the other human cravings we have considered. Every man, no matter how limited he may be, has some thirst for power. It may be merely the thrill of pulling the strings behind the scenes or it may be the joy of the limelight’s full glare. Leadership, fame, mastery—all these familiar words spring from this instinct. Much of the present leadership and mastery is purchased, again, at the expense of the non-leaders and the slaves.

These likewise yearn for control. They want to command. Mass-command is the beginning of democracy, of which we have heard much and about which we have suffered not a little. Mass-command

in the shop and mine and factory is the desire of the workers, often expressed in a crude, unconscious sort of way. As with possession, so here they can succeed in securing power only in group effort.

Pink Teas vs. Real Power

Welfare work has come tripping along, to speed the employer on his way in cutting short the workers’ demand for power. Namby-pamby pink teas have been handed out to the American ex-soldiers and relatives of ex-soldiers, as a sort of diluted “democracy”—as a substitute for the democracy that they heard about during the war and which they almost thought was going to come true.

Welfare work has too much of the “sob sister” stuff in it, to meet the needs of real men. It will scarcely give them an illusion of power. Power is something concrete. It is control. That is what the worker is after, just as the captain of industry is after it. But the worker must get it in a group way. He cannot hope to secure ownership of the machines on which he works by individual action.

The things found out by the new science of psychology—shorn of some of the trappings of priesthood which some would throw about it—therefore reinforce the workers’ determination to get possession of that which he creates. “Satisfy your instincts” is what the new-found facts whisper in his ear. “Do it by joint action with your brothers.” On every page of the New Psychology is written that injunction. “Satisfy your instincts in a wise way—by bending all your energies toward workers’ control and Industrial Democracy.”

When it is known that human nature demands this sort of thing—that group control, far from being “against human nature,” as the capitalist often says, is really its true expression, then we will begin to get somewhere. Perhaps I can be pardoned for saying, fervently: “Let’s go!”

EASY MONEY THE GREAT AMERICAN URGE

One would think that when the worker was unemployed he was also unexploited.

But such is not the case.

Thousands of human vultures set their traps for the unemployed. “Salesmen Wanted” is the bait they use to ensnare their victims.

You will want to read

“PERISHING BY THE SWORD”

By “A. GOGETTER”

In the March issue of LABOR AGE.

The story of the salesman as a worker and the worker as a salesman. You will be surprised to learn of the many ramifications this business of “gypping the gypper,” as the author calls it, has.

Disruption in the Name of "Revolution"

Communist "Tactics" Assist Employers

By A. ROSEBURY

WITH the "world views" of various sections of the Labor Movement, we are not concerned. It is up to the Movement itself, out of its own experience, to decide upon the wisdom or folly of such views.

But with the disruption of the actual, existing Labor Movement, we are concerned. Owned co-operatively by a group of unions, the chief interest of LABOR AGE is in the Movement now fighting its battle with the employers. The Communists, unfortunately for themselves, have adopted the "tactics" of destroying and disrupting all organizations in this country into which they gain entrance. They have even gone to the extreme of issuing leaflets against the union of which they were members, when it was on strike—thus giving aid and comfort to the Employing Interests. Brother Rosebury gives a rapid-fire picture of the results of this policy in certain branches of the Labor Movement.

FRIENDS or foes?

This question, referring to Communist "boring within," is on many lips in labor and radical circles. A few take the Communists at their own estimation of their activities. The Communists pose as revolutionists; they want to emancipate the workers from the thralldom of capitalism by a world revolution—therefore they are friends.

But by far the largest number, over 99 per cent of the organized workers, dismiss the idea of world revolution and scout the foreign influence back of it. I base my figures on Secretary Ruthenberg's report to the convention of the Workers held early last year, according to which its total membership was 25,000, including 6,500 members of trade unions. A more recent report puts the number at 28,000, covering the party's entire strength under all denominations.

And the active spirits of the 99 per cent, the elite of the movement, are decidedly of the opinion that the Communists are foes in the guise of friends. A good many go to the extent of saying that they are the deadliest foes of the modern labor organizations and should be fought tooth and nail. If you ask, how do the active spirits arrive at their opinion, the answer is—by simple, clear logic, somewhat as follows:

The labor organizations in all civilized countries are thorough believers in constitutional, legal and

democratic methods. They are all working for social change. One might even call it revolutionary change; for, the effort to bring about public ownership of the basic industries and eventually of all industry, eliminating undeserved private profit and giving the real producers, the workers with brawn or brain, the entire fruit of their toil—is a revolutionary aim. They further recognize that both, the means to the end as well as the end in itself, can only be permanently successful if applied and achieved by the civilized, democratic method of persuasion and discussion through the will of an enlightened majority.

True Democracy

Civilized mankind has brought itself to this mode of thought after centuries of tyranny, violent autocratic dictatorship and horrors of martyrdom. Democracy has many faults; majority rule is sometimes unjust. But the remedy is more democracy, greater liberty and further education. The labor movement has achieved lasting results in this field of human endeavor and will accomplish more and more as time goes on.

The Communists, however, scoff and sneer at democracy and majority rule. All such terms to them are capitalist conceptions. They even deny and discard certain ethical rules of social conduct by which alone we must regulate our mutual relations if we are not to murder each other in cold blood. If they do not openly practice their creed in America and England it is for fear of the law. Now and then they do practice it where the law can be eluded, as witness the recent scuffle in the German national assembly. The official records of the unions in our needle industry register more than one such instance. Above all, let us not forget that "Thou Shalt Not Kill" applies equally to killing of reputation, to moral "knifing," to slander and libel with intent to kill morally and politically. All which the Communists scoff at as "Bourgeois morality" and carry on their propaganda with poison gas and poison pen.

Our modern labor organizations can stand any amount of left-wing agitation and "boring within," provided the left-wing is an earnest, honest opposition. "Boring within" to spread new ideas and salutary changes is always welcome in the labor movement.

I. W. W. vs. Communist Methods

The "boring within" of the Anarchists and the Syndicalists, of Haywood and his I. W. W. may have done some temporary harm; but the men back of these movements, however, acrimonious and abusive at times, acted only like all fanatics. At heart they were sincere. They argued and debated questions of the day and sought to convince the other side. The syndicalists in Great Britain made an actual contribution to the movement. They organized unions, amalgamated several units into one, declared strikes and secured tangible improvements. The I. W. W. went out to virgin territory, organized unskilled workers and directed public attention to industrial evils and abuses. While their methods could not be called constructive, they helped the movement in their own way.

But the "boring within" of the Communists is not of that earnest, devoted quality. They would not help organizing a local union even if they could, and could not even if they would. They utterly lack this constructive ability. Even in Russia they have destroyed much more than they have succeeded in building. Not one of them is known to have done any constructive work in any union. They are "knockers," not builders.

In their seven years' rule in Russia they have succeeded in bringing the Communist Party up to a membership of some 600,000 and that mainly by dint of coercion and terrorism. Their aim is world revolution to be forced down the throats of reluctant populations in the same manner as was done in Russia, followed by a government representing a minority, a dictatorship of and by a few, called "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," which is a misnomer, as the proletariat has no voice in the actual government.

This is a social revolution on the wrong side; it smacks too much of a sort of Fascism in Italy, which is reaction. Every tendency to dictatorship, every curtailing or crippling of the franchise, every restraint of the popular will is reaction. Its reactionary character is not one whit abated by such glorified and noble appellations as Socialism or Communism. Two blacks do not make one white. In this connection the Mussolini regime does not lay itself open to the charge of hypocrisy as the Soviet chiefs do.

Ancient Ideas of Despotism

In so far as their psychology is Asiatic, the Russians have a perfect right to submit to dictatorship and rule from above. Asiatic nations have been steeped in absolutism for thousands of years. We, on our part, claim that liberty and true popular

government are good even for the Asiatics. If the Asiatics choose to stay in the dark, to have liberty, individual initiative and freedom of movement denied to them—that is their affair. But what right has any government to attempt imposing the ancient, outworn Asiatic idea on the Western nations by means of a loathsome propaganda?

Great Britain is a thousand years in advance of the Asiatic system. America had a taste of it in its colonial days and shook it off by a war for liberty and independence. The American labor organizations size up the Russian regime for what it is. All the misleading phrases used to cover up its character cannot blind them to the fact that it is neither Socialism, Communism nor government by and for the people in any sense, and to pin their hope to such a system as their guiding star would mean to turn back in time and ideas. Hence Soviet propaganda for world revolution is so detested in all free countries.

The very method of capturing the unions at the bidding of a foreign authority by trickery, chicanery and every species of unethical procedure is abhorrent to our sense of fair play. According to Zinoviev ("Resume of the Work of the Fifth Communist World Congress," *Freihert*, August, 1924) those who feel conscientious scruples in regard to unethical conduct are not good Communists. Where it is necessary to strike a blow in order to capture the unions from within, he says in effect, ethical considerations are disastrous to the Communist cause. Of course, capturing the unions is an easier process than setting to work to organize on their own lines. By capturing an organization they come into immediate possession of an established machinery, property and funds and the advantage of a ready command over an enrolled membership without labor or effort.

Birds of a Feather

Let us note the kind of blows they strike to capture the unions: 1. Gathering together birds of a feather, a nucleus of disgruntled delinquents, self-seekers who foster personal grudges against the leaders and officers. With these they proceed to form cliques and so-called sections that pretend to operate in the open but in reality manoeuvre in the dark. In the needle industry they have several sections of the Trade Union Educational League. A special section operates in the New York locals of the International Fur Workers' Union. Each section is composed of a handful of members, and when occasion demands they coalesce for staged protest meetings and demonstrations. At a recent meeting of the United Hebrew Trades, New York, President Sigman of the International Ladies' Gar-

LABOR AGE

ment Workers' Union averred that he had identified some of these red hot revolutionists as formerly common informers, stool pigeons and strikebreakers connected with a certain Sulkess agency.

2. In obedience to instructions a handful of Communists turn local meetings into a bedlam of noisy clamor and fierce personal attack, frequently provoking fights and finally breaking up the meetings. On the next day they circulate highly colored reports in the propagandist sheet that the officers employ strong-armed men to beat up the "innocent" Communists.

3. Their main attack is focussed on the leaders; for the leaders are the backbone of the organizations. No union can be captured where the leaders put up a vigorous resistance; and a leader with force of character and honesty of purpose is particularly obnoxious to them. A man of this caliber would never honestly become a Communist; his independence of mind would never brook the dictatorship of a Zinoviev.

Against "Blackmail"

In the powerful unions in the needle industry of New York a malignant Communist attack has been raging for close upon three years. A truce is arranged with some of the unions who prefer to buy them off with grants in aid or advertisements in their daily sheet. Such men, however, as Morris Sigman of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, Max Pine of the United Hebrew Trades, Ossip Wolinsky of the Leather Goods Workers and others would not bend the knee or wink at blackmail to Communist intimidators. As pioneers and oldtimers and experienced administrators they have rendered signal service and are indispensable to their organizations in view of the dearth of men of ability. Precisely for these reasons they stand in the way of the Communist objective, and hence a withering fire is constantly directed at their persons, an unceasing attempt to throw them off their balance by every species of vile insinuation.

4. The sort of "education" of the Trade Union Educational League is a systematic campaign of slander and libel which is of the same character everywhere. Wherever a determined opposition is put up to their siege the Communists resort to the same insulting terms, the same personal abuse, the same perversion of the truth. Their pungent and disgusting style of meeting criticism, fairly stinks in the nostrils. Every opponent is brought under the lash of the poison pen and called nasty names—"lickspittle," "traitor," "corrupt" and "cringing," "slimy worm," "creeping thing."

A "lackey of the capitalists" was often hurled at ex-Premier MacDonald, in spite of his earnest desire to deal squarely with the Soviet Government. Any writer passing adverse comment on some inhuman aspect in Russian affairs is often called a "barking dog." The Yiddish daily Communist sheet fairly bristles with offensive epithets. Controversy is replaced by scurrilous abuse. News items appear in garbled and twisted shape, and actual fiction is daily dished up to misguided readers who probably read no publication of opposite views.

They Help the Employers

The attacks on the union leaders become more virulent when mass feeling runs high, when questions of moment arouse keen interest, at a time of negotiation with employers, during strikes or stress of unemployment. It is then that the Communists take advantage of the situation and get busy pouring suspicion into untrained ears that the responsible officers are in league with the employers. This is precisely the work of the provocateur and paid agent. Even hostile open shop employers during their bitterest struggles with the unions have not gone so far in circulating such malicious personal slanders as these self-appointed friends of labor have been assiduously spreading against the officers of the International Fur Workers' Union.

In view of this vicious, poison pen propaganda the opinion is rapidly gaining ground that the concerted attempt of the Communists to confuse the minds and engender mistrust, hinder negotiations with employers, belittle and belie favorable settlements and wage war to the knife on the best minds in the labor movement—all this presents them in their true color as the deadliest foes to organized labor.

WANTED

LABOR AGE offers an opportunity for several aggressive subscription solicitors, which will prove really worth while to the right people. If you are the type of man we want, write us about yourself and get our proposition.

Circulation Department—LABOR AGE
FEDERATION OF LABOR BLDG.

430 North Street Harrisburg, Penn.

Our Own Floyd Collinses

OUT of the depths have come two cries of despair.

In the cave country of Kentucky a man was caught far below ground, pinned by a seven-ton boulder to the wet and slimy soil. The Business Press crowded its front pages with excited comment. It gave inch-by-inch descriptions of the people at the cave mouth, of the frictions in the rescue party, of the terrible suspense. You could see it all, without moving pictures—though they also ran reels about it. Then, when the dead body was finally reached, the whole press as a unit set up a mighty sob that shook the nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Floyd Collins, gazing about a cave out of mere curiosity, became a national hero.

A few days pass. In the heart of the black coal region of Indiana a mine explodes. Fifty-one men, caught like rats in a trap, go to their death. The Business Press sobs no united sob. It prints no long, lingering stories of heroism. It gives no detailed description of the stricken families of the ill-fated men. It tells nothing of the criminal, brutal negligence of the coal company—which has stamped the owners as murderers as surely as a like mark was borne by Cain. The chief "liberal" daily of the Greater City gives six lines, by actual count, on the second day after the disaster, merely stating that the work of getting out the 51 bodies had begun. This same paper gave reams to defeat the Child Labor Amendment.

Mr. Workingman, how much longer are we to be fooled in this fashion by the Gentlemen of the Press? It will be as long as we fail, through weakness or misunderstanding, to build up our own powerful and united labor papers. America today, great land that it is, is almost devoid of labor dailies. This is merely one incident of the shabby treatment that questions of vital importance to the workers—questions of life and death—receive. One sensational case, taking the minds of the people away from the real fight

—"that is fine." That is publicity. The press plays it up—until it runs the tale into rags. Fifty-one workers, killed through a neglect that is nothing less than murder: "What of it?" In that the Business Press is not interested. That is something that must be hidden and forgotten.

The Hoosier grand jury finds that nothing can be done about the mine disaster! Secretary of the Interior Work mentions the need for safety lamps. For God's sake, Dr. Work, you would have a different song to sing had you ever worked in the mines. Safety lamps! In a hole full of gas and dust that care on the part of the operators could have easily

shut off. Why did you not say that the use of rock dust, inexpensive preventative, would have played a great role in stopping the disaster? Why did you not say that boring into a chamber, under the conditions prevailing at Sullivan, was a crime in itself? It is the miners' lives that were sacrificed; not the operators. Why not look to the operators' carelessness, as well as to the "carelessness" of the men?

But more, Dr. Work, do you not know that the present safety lamp is also an unsafe thing for the

men underground? It does not throw the light that is necessary to watch the walls of the mines, to see where a weakness may develop. The miner has to consider that, too. An earth cave-in will snuff him out as well as an explosion.

So far as the facts run, it was not the lack of safety lamps that made Sullivan the scene of mass-murder. It was the greedy disregard for human life, which led the company to persuade men to enter an unsafe chamber, without determining in advance what the conditions were. It was the further neglect of the company in providing no preventative against just such a disaster.

Labor will shed no crocodile tears further over an adventurer in a Kentucky cave. We have our own Floyd Collinses deserving not merely of our sympathy, but of our help.

The Price The Miners Pay



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Labor History in the Making

In the U. S. A.

LOUIS F. BUDENZ, in Co-operation with the Board of Editors



THE ALL-AMERICAN

A FAVORITE indoor sport of outdoor sport-writers is lining up a list of names of a mythological football, baseball or basketball team and calling it the All-American. It is also a fairly remunerative sport. It helps many a space writer to buy his coal for the onrushing winter.

We present to you today an altogether different sort of an All-American line-up. It has to do with sport too—the game of tracking Big Business Birds of Prey and taking a potshot at them. It is none other than the All-American Co-operative Commission.

It comes well by its name. Producers co-operation, to which it devotes a major part of its attention, runs the chance of being a peculiarly American product. This form of co-operation fits in well with the American psychology. Eventually, it may even run a more successful course than consumers' co-operation in this country.

The All-American Commission, in its report for 1924, tells of its activities toward miners' co-operative ownership of coal mines. Groups of miners in the central Ohio field, out of work and practically destitute, were aided by the Commission to begin co-operative operations. Success has come to them. Their wages are high; their operation is making money. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Bank came to their aid with the necessary money with which to float their venture. Other mining groups are securing the co-operation of the Commission, for like co-operative undertakings.

Direct trading between farmers and workers is one of the chief things encouraged by the Commission. The Farmer-Labor Union of Texas is pointed to as a significant example of this work. Co-operative banking and credit unions are being floated wherever the circumstances justify their entering

the field of labor endeavor. Co-operative education, through a weekly news service, is being pushed. For the future the Commission plans to launch more thoroughly into the field, in the appointment of field secretaries or agents. At the next session of the executives of the rail unions, the co-operative officials will also meet, to work out wider palms for action. The rail unions up to date form the backbone of the Commission's support.

Hail to the All-American!

LABOR'S MONEY AT WORK

MR. LONGFELLOW hit the nail on the head some years ago when he told the world: "Life is real, Life is earnest."

Union men and women are well aware of that, without needing the inspiration of a psalm on the subject.

Out of that reality and earnestness has come the labor banking movement, to be anchor for the organized workers in the midst of the tempests of Open Shop and anti-workers control efforts.

Cleveland reports success in another form of handling Labor's money. Two banks of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and one trust company controlled by that union exist in the Fourth City of the Land—the only big city, by the way, to go for La Follette.

Max Hayes in his CLEVELAND CITIZEN gives us a lead on another venture. It is the Federation Savings and Loan Co., established largely by the building trades. An all-union concern. Financing union building construction and supporting all other union projects. Already, by its careful methods, it has helped to drive out irresponsible contractors from the business, thus protecting supply dealers and those who have building done.

The Savings and Loan Company has just gone over the top in reporting over a million dollars worth of assets. Now it looms up as one of the largest concerns of its kind in Cleveland. "Good news," say we. The method is worth looking into by the workers of other cities.

Newark labor unions have got on the job also, in the organization of the Labor Co-operative Bank, with a million dollar capitalization. Henry Hilfers, secretary of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor, is one of the chief figures in it. Newark is talking, further, of a Workers' Educational Institution, patterned on the Boston Labor College. And in Washington, the State Federation has chartered a bank of its own.

"Better news," say we. "Let us have more of it."

"WHY THE WORLD HATES AMERICA"— LABOR'S ANSWER

"I'M sad and lonely" is America's new song of woe.

We've got the blues—nationally speaking. With 60 per cent of the world's gold in "our" cellars, with all the world hypocritically bowing and scraping before our enormous financial power, we are still like a child who has grabbed all the playthings and has nobody left to play.

All over the globe the anti-American spirit grows. Some day it may mount up to something like the anti-German spirit of ten years ago.

The ELECTRICAL WORKER, organ of the Brotherhood of that craft, makes a try at an answer to just why this is. A number of newspapers and public men have made a stab at it, and have hit upon nothing.

Labor does know why. It is due to our rank imperialism. We deserve to be hated. We are seeking—our bankers, of course, are "we"—to throttle the whole world. The Dawes plan adds to the mortgages on Europe owed to the House of Morgan.

The Giant Power Trust adds fuel to the flames. "Take Canada," says the journal of the Electrical Workers. Canada has been traditionally friendly to us. And yet, the intrigues of the Power Trust against the Canadians are causing a bitterness bordering on hatred.

It is time that we American "freemen" revolted against this Imperialism, which is stabbing our brothers throughout the world in the back. The militant spirit of our Wall Street Masters is breeding war—in which we shall be in the "happy" position of the German Kaiser, with the world against us.

RICH—YET POOR

FROM the mountain springs and the hidden lakes of America's gigantic acres in all sections of this Land of Plenty, there spring waters bearing cheer and comfort for every home and fire-side.

AGAIN WE ARE REMINDED



Unemployment stalks through soft coal again. The Somerset non-union miners have even had a wage cut. Meanwhile, consumers can be prepared for the flood of culm coal, which the operators so well disposed of a few years ago, in the coal crisis.

Rich in that most desirable of all things—water and power—the American housewife and the worker could look forward to an era of better things. Electricity entering every home, relieving the farm and the farmer's wife of much drudgery. The Land of El Dorado has come here to stay!

So might it be. So probably it will not be. Unless we bestir ourselves. Today, says the organ of the Electrical Workers recently quoted, we are using less than 10 million horsepower of the waterpower available in the United States. There lies undeveloped 72 million horsepower, worth an income of at least 10 billion dollars a year.

This enormous source of cheap power is going to waste. It should be used. The General Electric Co. is getting wise to the fact that it will be used. And the G. E. C. proposes to use it. Muscle Shoals is the beginning. The fight against Government Ownership of Boulder Dam, Colorado, is another.

While the mass of us Americans, like the fools our ancestors were, are worrying only of present "prosperity" and forgetting what the future holds. The immediate future. American Labor at Portland threw down the gauntlet to the Power Trust. Let's follow it up. Put a pin in Dr. Coolidge. He is owned by the Power Trust, but get him nervous anyway. He may hesitate.

OUT OF THE FOG

F^{OG}.

Heavy, all-embracing. Everywhere.

The hoarse cries of boats plying up and down the river.

The pilot watches his compass, cursing softly to himself. The ferry moves across the Hudson, choked with the craft of one of the world's biggest ports.

"If I hit one of them, I may kill myself—and certainly, I'll be fired. If I hit one of them, I may be jailed for manslaughter."

Not a half-boat's length ahead of him can he see. He can only hear—and watch the compass.

"But the company bears the risks, don't it?" asks a voice at his shoulder. It is one of the crew—a new one. The pilot laughs.

"Risks! The company takes nothing but profits. We are trying for a raise now. Our company union representative is down in Philadelphia at the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad. What will he get? We will see. In 1921 we had a real union. Hullo!"

He worked hard at the pilot wheel—just in time to avert a calamity that might have hurled his 200 passengers to ruin.

"We had a real union—and then we struck. Of the 16 pilots, 9 went out. All the deckhands stood loyal. They stepped out 100 per cent, although they were unskilled. We were the key men, who had con-

trol of the port. And yet, 7 of us on the Pennsylvania stayed with the company and 'scabbed.'"

The boat neared the other side. The famous skyline of New York was hidden in the murk.

Bump! against the stockade. The clang of chains. The drawbridge is down and the passengers are out!

A friend comes up to the pilot tower. "Well, what's the news?" inquires the pilot.

"Our representative got back. The company gave him a good feed, and told him all their troubles—and some they didn't have. But there'll be no raise for us on the Pennsylvania ferries this year."

"No surprise! You can't get anything without a real union. Only \$40 a week for men who have to spend years learning this game! That's what company unionism has brought us."

That's a picture of one small segment of New York waterfront workers—a portion of the skilled. Lost in the fog. Will they come out of it?

"Damned if I know," answers the pilot to himself. "But they'll never get out till they get back a real union. Our representative isn't worrying about us. He's worrying about himself. He don't want to get laid off. If we had a representative whom we paid ourselves, he might worry about us some, and not ogle the company."

There's the whistle. The ferry gets under way again—back into the fog.

IN OTHER LANDS

A BRAVE DECISION

Co-operatives Stand by Compulsory Unionism

WELL, it's all over, all over now.

Temporarily, and perhaps for all time, the British Co-operative Movement has decided by referendum vote for compulsory trade unionism among its employees.

In January, 1919, the Co-operative Wholesale Society, owned by the retail societies, came to this decision. It was a great democratic step, settling the relations between consumers co-operatives and the workers in their plants and shops. Recent restlessness among the workers and recent feeling on the part of certain co-operatives that compulsory unionism put co-operation at a disadvantage with other employers, caused the matter to be submitted to a vote of the societies. With the result above announced.

This brave decision reflects splendidly on the fine democratic character of the British co-operatives. Their continued financial success and growth are the big things of hope in Europe's present confused life. Lords and Ladies and Loyal Doormats, who worship at the shrine of Private Property, we call your attention to this mighty Cathedral of Group Action. May it some day rear its head in America on the giant scale it has assumed in Britain!

AMSTERDAM PLUS MOSCOW EQUALS UNITY?

TWO and two are commonly supposed to make four.

When two elements professing to seek the betterment of the workers and the overthrow of Capitalism get together, Unity would be expected as the net outcome.

But "Not so," J. R. Clynes of the British Labor Party and well-known labor leader, arises to remark. The Communists are a source of disruption in the Western Labor Movement. Committed to "some risky class dictatorship," they proclaim their connection with British Labor while seeking to split it into bits. Therefore, Brother Clynes says "Thumbs down" for them as members of the British Labor Party.

At first the British Labor Party tolerated them in a typical way. But when the enamoured-of-Russia attacked all who disagreed with them as "twisters and fakers," the Party turned a stern face toward them. By overwhelming votes the last Conference of the Party refused the application of the Communist Party to join hands with it, and decided that no Communist could run on the Labor ticket. By a smaller vote, Communists were also excluded from membership. On the latter question the National

Executive of the Party is making a detailed study before putting the decision into effect.

Meantime, the Amsterdam Trade Union International and the Red Trade Union International have been nodding to each other. The British section has even been smiling on the Russian unions, in the hope for unity. For over a year and a half the two big bodies of Labor have been exchanging notes and discussing principles, with breakdowns in negotiations occurring frequently.

disappeared. Undoubtedly not the thing for Britain; yet Britain should recognize that Soviet control is the only thing possible for Russia.

Whether the British Trade Union Congress will decide, after hearing this report, that some sort of coalition can be made with the Russian unions remains to be seen. The Russian bodies have always claimed that the only basis of unity must be class-war to the teeth. A statement capable of numerous interpretations.

CHINESE LABOR AWAKENS



From across the Pacific comes news of the awakening of the Chinese workers. A National Federation of Trade Unions has just been formed in the Celestial Republic. Seventy-six unions, with a total membership of 200,000, joined in the big body. For several years labor demonstrations have been a prominent part of Chinese life, as shown in this picture. The hoi polloi, formerly looked down upon, are determined to be a factor in the future of this ancient country.

The latest stunt in the effort at common ground was the visit of the British Trade Union delegation to Russia. Returning, they have now issued a report. In real British-fashion, they take a broad, 50-50 view of Russia's situation. They see in the Bolshevik regime the natural outcome of previous Czar-rule. Communism has been so modified that it has almost

The German Labor Movement, nearer to the Russian geographically, is farther away from it than the British, so far as sympathy goes. The German unions have let it be known in no uncertain terms that they have no love for Russian methods and would prefer no bed-fellowship with them for the time being. Under the circumstances, the road

toward understanding is not the smoothest in the world.

TORY TRICKS AND MANNERS

AFTER victory, mutilate your enemy. Political etiquette has contained this gentle rule from the most pre-historic times. Savages took particular delight in effacing some bodily charm of their fallen foes—a head, a scalp, or other less mentionable portions of the body.

Britain's Tories, like our own, mean to demonstrate their close connection with their savage ancestors, whose blue-painted bodies caused such commotion in Caesar's camp years and years ago. It makes them 100 per cent British, you know.

Labor, defeated so far as Parliamentary seats are concerned, is to be drawn and quartered. Its teeth are to be taken out by hitting at its pocketbook. A bill is on the calendar in the new Parliament, making it more difficult for the unions to contribute to the Labor Party cause.

A similar bill was up before the Parliament that led to Baldwin's fall and the coming into the power of Labor. It had passed the House on second reading by a heavy majority, Business Baldwin himself voting for it.

Under the present law, trade unions may use all the contributions of their members for Labor Party purposes, except where a member states in writing that he does not wish this to be done. Of course, a majority vote of the union is needed to effect this rule. The law was put on the books under the Asquith government, after the courts had held in the famous Osborn case that unions could not use funds or levies for political purposes.

The Tories in 1922 wanted to mix up the whole business by requiring that at least a 20 per cent majority of the union should be necessary for the rule to be enforced. It was further proposed that every union member who voted for the levy should make his intention to pay the levy public, by a written statement and should renew this statement every year. Any one even with the limited mind of Stanley Baldwin could see that this measure added expense, red tape and useless difficulties to the union task of collecting political funds.

But the same bill has appeared again. The most reactionary Tories, flushed with their victory, are determined to put it over, perhaps even in more severe form. Baldwin protests by silence against its present introduction. That is a gesture to deceive the unions, with whom he has some delicate dealings just now, connected with governmental housing and other things.

The bill has been introduced as a private member's bill. The Government has camouflaged its position on the side lines.

The unions are hot under the collar. "We are on

to your tricks and your manners," they say in effect, in the words of Dickens' hunchback dollmaker. The boomerang qualities of the bill have begun to be seen, troubling even some comfortable Tory dreams.

(Since going to press this bill has been killed—temporarily.)

RE-ENTER: THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

A MAN is hanging to a twig on the side of a high Swiss mountain. It looks as though he is unreachable. He will shortly fall and be killed.

Hundreds of tourists crowd round to see the sight. "Oh, heavens," says one lady, "and my husband is not here." The on-lookers quarrel among themselves for a good place to witness the "show." The man's life is unthought of. His rescue is forgotten. Cameras click. A father brings in his entire family to "see."

Sarcastically, Andreyev the great Russian called this skit "Love of One's Neighbor." True to form, it turned out to be an advertising scheme on the part of the hotel keeper to amuse the guests. Who were properly indignant when they found that the man wasn't really going to fall and kill himself!

The British trade unions are trying to work out a more humane version of the theme of Brotherly Love. Amalgamation has been on the increase over there for some time. Now a national conference of 143 trade union councils votes to make every local strike a national issue. "Solidarity to the last ditch" is the idea.

At the same time the Coal Diggers look longingly toward a revival of the old Triple Alliance. They are coming toward a new crisis in their industry. A strike may have to be the outcome, if the coal owner will not give some hope of a new deal. The present agreement—actually the one in force since the great collapse of the Miners—expires in June.

Railwaymen and transport workers, under the old Triple Alliance, pledged aid to the Miners in every big fight. Each union was to help the other. When the first chance to stand together came, the Alliance failed. It was something like that other famous Triple Alliance between Italy, Germany and Austria. Only in this case two allies retreated from the fight.

"Black Friday" has not been forgotten, but it evidently has been forgiven. The Miners have set steps on foot to try the old scheme over again. It will probably be tried until it works. Just as Nationalization always comes bobbing up. Here it is once more, alive as ever. The Labor Party and the Miners are hard at it, devising a further Nationalization Scheme. Which, let us hope to the Lord, the Party will have the stamina to push through the next time they have power.

BOOK NOTES

Edited by PRINCE HOPKINS

BRITISH LABOR SPEAKS

ANYONE wishing an all-around insight into the aims and achievements of the English workers, can hardly do better than buy a copy of **BRITISH LABOUR SPEAKS**, edited by R. W. Hogue, Educational Director of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. (Boni and Liveright, 1924).

The volume consists of the addresses and replies to questions (taken down verbatim) which representatives of Labor made in London to American research groups which on several successive years went across "the pond."

The prominence of the speakers gives weight to the facts and views expressed. Their number (13) and the variety of the many questions asked and answered, assure a broad range of information.

Trade union libraries should add it to their shelves as a worth-while book of reference.

WARFARE UP-TO-DATE

PHYSICIANS who have attended men gassed in action in the late war have not all endorsed, by any means, the opinion of J. B. S. Haldane, that the new methods of warfare are more humane than the old.

Haldane is a distinguished chemist, whose **CALLINICUS; A DEFENSE OF CHEMICAL WARFARE** (E. P. Dutton, New York), is a trenchant assault upon those old fogies of the military profession who never learn. He compares them to the medieval hero Bayard. On the eve of one of his victories, Bayard generously pardoned all enemy knights and swordsmen who fought in the old way, but ordered that all musketeers captured should be hanged. Haldane's is a witty little book, making good reading. Even though it still reminds us that War is Hell.

"If it is right for me to fight my enemy with a sword, it is right to fight him with mustard gas; if the one is wrong, so is the other." That is his thesis. The use of chemicals will not only make war more humane, but also more decisive. It will be gotten over with in quick order, he avers.

L. I. D.'S GOOD WORK

THE League for Industrial Democracy is continuing its good work of pamphlet publication.

The cream of them all is Dr. Harry F. Ward's **PROFIT MOTIVE IN INDUSTRY**. It is excellently written and gets at grips with its subject in a most attractive way. One who is at all interested in the theme reads it through at one sitting. Another excellent addition is Dr. Harry Laidler's **ROADS TO FREEDOM**, in which the various theories for the "economic salvation" of the world are discussed and analyzed in a very few pages. It is a particularly good book for study groups.

Although all of these pamphlets are intended primarily for university students, and perhaps will not all attract the attention of workmen, they are good additions to trade union libraries, and to workers' education institutions. The L. I. D.'s address is 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE LESSON FROM RUSSIA

As Seen by Emma Goldman

ONLY the other day in London, I lunched with Emma Goldman. She is just as we knew her in America—the champion of the oppressed and friendless. Politically, she has perhaps swung a little more toward syndicalism.

She is having but small success in arousing British Labor to protest on behalf of political prisoners in Russia. The reason given is, that such action "would be impolitic." This is a strange argument; for the cry that Labor and Communism were blood brothers was the chief factor in MacDonald's defeat, last election.

At the same time, I feel that no protest would have the effect she anticipates, unless it were so worded as to avoid the tone of hostility. An appeal to Russia on the ground of the loss of prestige which her cause has suffered through her persisting in absolutist methods, years after foreign interference and counter-revolution have been suppressed, might strike home.

The other day Emma sent me her recent book, **MY FURTHER DISILLUSIONMENT IN RUSSIA** (Doubleday, Page & Co., 1924). It was read at one sitting. It is mostly what was meant to be the last twelve chapters of her earlier book, but which did not get included. It is a very human document—all about her wanderings through the country, collecting for the Moscow museum. We meet many old friends and attend the funerals of Jack Reed and Peter Kropotkin. Sarcasm is vented on the writers and labor representatives from England and America who, though seldom speaking the language, imagined they got a real insight into living conditions. The schools and theatres are praised, except that they operate under an iron censorship.

To me, a very noteworthy thing is that Emma, like Kropotkin, has got from the Russian experiment a very powerful sense of the importance of Ethics. Kropotkin's widow, whom I also recently met here, is trying to market the book he had been working on for eleven years prior to his death, on Ethics. Miss Goldman, near the close of her present book, warns us: "No revolution can succeed as a factor of liberation unless the means used to further it be identical in spirit and tendency with the purpose to be achieved."

THE KLAN

The article announced for the March issue entitled
"LABOR AND THE KU KLUX KLAN"

has been held over for the April issue. Letters on this subject have been coming into the office of LABOR AGE from all parts of the country ever since the first announcement was made. In order that we may incorporate the contents of some of these letters into the article, it has been withheld from the printer until such time as we can make the necessary check-up and investigation of the facts.

This article will appear in the
APRIL ISSUE



International President Thos. McMahon, of Textile Workers Union, addressing a group of workers at Fall River, Mass.

We Need Speakers

Labor's great need today is for trained speakers. Men and women able to present labor's side of the great struggle for freedom forcefully, logically and eloquently. If labor's power and influence are to grow, if the American Labor Movement is to progress, if the hopes and ideals of the masses are to be realized, speakers must be developed who can fire the enthusiasm of the workers for a fuller life, a higher hope, and a more complete happiness.

You Can Do It

The old idea that speakers are born, not made, has been exploded and found to be false. Demosthenes, the great Greek orator, whose words still thrill mankind though insulated by twenty centuries of time, started as a stammerer. Study, practice and confidence made him the greatest orator of all time.

Study, practice and confidence will make you too a convincing public speaker. The Speakers' Service Bureau, of Washington, D. C., has made it possible to supply those workers who wish to become speakers with just the instruction needed.

100% Union

The correspondence course in Public Speaking supplied by the Speakers' Service Bureau is a 100 per cent. union course. Written by Brother H. H. Broach, International Vice-President of the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, and sold through a non-profit making union co-operative organization. It is especially prepared for wage workers and has met with universal approval from the entire labor movement. Being recommended and endorsed by hundreds of National, State and local organizations of workers and official union journals.

You Can Get This Course Free

By a special arrangement with the Speakers' Service Bureau we are offering their complete course in Public Speaking FREE to readers of LABOR AGE. All you need do to earn one of these courses is to secure FIVE YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO LABOR AGE, at \$2.50 each. This you can do in an hour, either among your friends in the shop, or at your local union meeting. Take this copy of LABOR AGE with you. Show it to your friends and ask them to subscribe. It's very easy to do, once you get started.

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